

KEEP MY MONEY



DAVID PATRICK MACMILLAN







Gold Gathered Armfuls of Short Stemmed Flowerettes.

Keep My Money

by

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That Little Pongee Gown

With Illustrations
and Decorations

by

AILLEEN PHILLIPS

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To
Five Precious Children:
The Doctor, Tita, Patty,
Ann-L and
Little Partner



“And what’s this creature that we
call a child?

And what’s this winged thing
men call a heart?

These radiant beings that have
no wish at all,

Save for what is all beautiful.

These miraculous ones like gold-
en creatures made of sunset
cloud.—

I love them all. They are the
greatest miracles I know.”

MY VANISHED LIGHT



"I had a little candle whose soft
glow

Was the chief solace that my life
did know,

And lighted me wherever I did go.

"I was a traveler of but a night
Seeking a better country out of
sight,

Which lay a little past the sunset
light.

"I knew God's stars were shining
in His sky

To pilot pilgrims on their roads,
but I

Upon my little candle did rely.

"But one sad night a Wind whose
name is Death

Did blow my candle out with its
cold breath;
And if it was not Christ of
Nazareth,
“Who spoke to me, I think His
Angel said:
‘Thou foolish one! The ring thy
small light shed
Hath blinded thee to God’s light
overhead;
“ ‘And He has put it out because
its shine
Had come between thee and the
light Divine.
It was not given to set within a
shrine,
“ ‘And swing thy censer there. It
was but meant
To lend thee cheer and make
thee more content
Upon the journey thou art bent.

“ ‘Oh, child, look up, not down!
and thou shalt see
The little spark thou lovest set
for thee
Among the stars, thy beacon
light to be.’

“And so, through storm and shine,
I follow on;
And though I miss my light where
late it shone,
I know ’tis best for me that it
is gone.

“But every night I make the same
request:
‘Lord, lead me to my star when
it is best,
And let me wear it on my longing
breast.’ ”

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ILLUSTRATIONS



Gold gathered armfuls of short
stemmed flowerettes.

—Frontispiece.

Echoes clear and sweet stole
through the dreary walls.

“Why don’t Miss Mary tell all the
Mammas ’bout Jesus?”

“But never mind, Moloto.”

“Oh, zee here now, Mistress
Merry-Gouldt.”

I
MARY-GOLD



I

*"Winking Mary-buds begin to ope their
golden eyes."*

She was the pet of the whole College—this little Mary-Gold. So like King Midas' elfish daughter that it seemed the mystic Hawthorne had met her in some pre-existent world, his creation, fanciful though it is, being a veritable prototype of this truly live little maid. Too, like the maiden in the Golden Touch, "she was one of the cheerfulest little people whom you would see in a summer's day and hardly shed a thimbleful of tears in a twelve-month." "Sweet Fern," "Dandelion" and "Cow-

slip" would have embraced as their own, this winsome little creature.

Nor was she unlike her noble clanswoman, Mary-Goldie, the great-great-grand-daughter of Bonnie Annie Laurie of the famous Scottish song. This Cameronian beauty with "the kindly perfume of the heather clinging to her very soul" seemed indeed another fit herald of this tiny off-shoot, calling way down across the centuries to her little merry - hearted kinswoman.

Early one autumn morning, just five short years before, there was ushered in such a flood of joy and sunshine that for very gladness she was called Mary-Gold. Mary for the dear Aunt away over in the

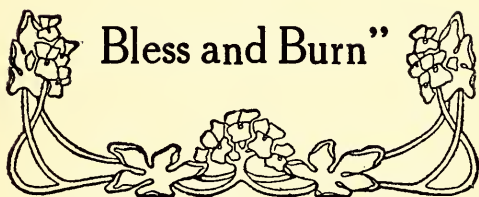
Far East, and, because God's sun-
light seemed caught in the soft
meshes of her rich brown hair,
she was christened Gold while the
prayer was breathed:

"Give her, I pray, all good; bid all
the buds of pleasure grow
To perfect flowers of happiness
where'er her feet may go;
Bid Truth's bright shield and
Love's strong arm
Protect her from all earthly harm.

"Lest there should be some other
thing better than all the rest,
That I have failed to ask, give
Thou the very best
Of every gift, what Thou dost
deem
Better than aught I hope or
dream."

II

“Oh, Memories That
Bless and Burn”



II

The little life seemed lent but for a night, a glint of gold gleaming through earthborn darkness. Perilous had been the sailing of this tiny craft encountering more than once direful collisions sometimes threatening complete and most disastrous shipwreck.

On that October morning, yellow with goldenrod and sunshine Aunt Toodie, catching in her arms the beautiful three-year-old, little dreamed the rebellion she incited as she jubilantly whispered,

“My young man, your nose is broken!”

Clapping his chubby hand to the berated organ and finding it in

statu quo, insulted Childhood
fiercely retorted,

“My nose ain’t boke!”

“Ah, but it is,” she laughingly
mocked. “In yonder room is a
little girl who has broken your
nose square in two!”

This called for reasoning of a
higher nature. It was beyond his
ken.

His nose was not broken. That
he knew. But there was a mystery
somewhere.

Baffled, he would appeal to an-
other tribunal, his natural umpire.

“Down! Lemme down!” he
screamed, and with fast flying feet
he ran to the darkened chamber
rushing headlong into Nurse’s
arms.

"I want my Mamma! I want my Mamma!" he demanded.

"H-u-s-h !" cautioned Nurse, lifting her finger. "Be quiet, and I'll show you something pretty," as gathering in her arms the discomfited little fellow, she carried him to the Mother's bedside.

But the vision of arrogant Assumption nestling beside the sleeping Mother failed to inspire in the breast of this bewildered lordling feelings of admiration or love. The very sight of the Supplanter serenely slumbering in his rightful domain was too much! Such outrageous usurpation was more than the displaced monarch could stand. He would have his Kingdom back by fair means or foul.

When young Jason sallied forth to restore the Kingdom of Iolchos and to hurl from the throne King Pelias, the wicked usurper, he carried with him two spears, one in each hand.

But this Prince Royal, disgusted and outraged by the suffragette indignity, provided himself with quite another sort of weapon.

Scrambling down and slipping away with never so much as a word from his disgruntled Majesty he armed himself with Daddy's Rigi stick—in its youth the stay of slipping feet on the hazardous Alpine climbs, but now no longer the preserver of life but a distinct harbinger of complete and imminent annihilation. Creeping back,

all aflame with fury he raised the heavy stick above the guileless Innovation, his childish and unreasonable rage finding vent as he fairly screeched aloud,

“I bake oo nose, oo itter dirl!”

And down upon the dimpled face the impending blow started, to be caught just in time by the watchful nurse who received upon her own outstretched arm the force of concentrated wrath.

The fragile barque met with another unfriendly wave when this lad of the broken nose, now grown to the dignity of six full years, entertained notions of becoming a Doctor of Physic.

It was the afternoon that Uncle and Aunt Joyner, just home from

Whanghein, went to the Chapel to tell of their life in China. The children were left alone to play in the Nursery. The six-year-old, having heard Uncle tell of his call to the Mission field, suddenly felt a summons himself, most peremptory in its demand.

Cautious Aunt Joyner had forgotten to put away her bottle of chamomilla! This young disciple of Aesculapius seized Opportunity with eager grasp and just at this juncture, for all things were conspiring for the youthful practitioner, Jim—the China baby—bereft, sent up a wail.

The lad, answering his “call,” clear and imperative straightway

prescribed. Two patients, of course, being better than one the "itter dirl" was joyously included. Again and again did the aspiring M. D. administer the sugared prescripts as little Gold proudly devoured the Chamomilla pellets. Harmless enough if taken with care, but alas! like the Siren's song their alluring sweetness evoked a craving that could be satisfied only by repeated doses.

For three whole days the soft glow of the little Light waned, growing fainter and fainter, until it seemed the fitful Gleam was doomed to darkness by youthful Indiscretion.

After hours of anguished combat triumphant Allopathy saved the

day giving back the vanishing Light to a solemn, sobered aspirant in the realm of Homeopathy.

As the months went by nothing so delighted Gold as her visits with Grand to the County Farm where she was greeted as the Sunshine Scatterer.

The sweet solicitude of this little personage for Grandma Palmer, bed-ridden and helpless, was far beyond the years of a child.

Tenderly the baby hand lay on the old lady's brow. And lady Grandma Palmer was, to her very finger tips — refined, educated, gentle. Driven to this refuge solely from illness brought on because those arms upon which the delicate

spirit rightly dared to lean had refused both love and prop.

Fondly she gazed upon the child-woman claiming as the visit would close one of Gold's favorite melodies.

Perched upon an upturned box with the small hands clasped sat the dainty figure, and as that far-away look crept into the dark eyes, the lips parted and echoes clear and sweet stole through the dreary walls.

"If we knew de baby fingers
P'essed against de window-pane
Would be cold and stiff termorwo
Never kubble us again!"

When Grandma Palmer and
Gold's other charge, Cripple

Auguste, were brought to live in a comfortable two-roomed hut near the College, Gold's chiefest joy was to make merry with bright, sweet songs the quiet room bringing cheer to the empty, aching hearts of these two—God's castaways.

Wherever her little feet did go there followed joy and sunlight.

Never was she dearer than while making her sales to Baylor girls.

Down the long corridor she tripped, the cunning figure arrayed in a big-flowered Green-away, swinging in her hand a Roman purse, while from her arm hung a basket of tempting dainties. Very proud she was of this silken,



Echoes Clear and Sweet Stole Through the Dreary Walls.



striped pouch, with its secret opening and its trip across the ocean.

"Pardie," she said one day to a Baylor girl, "I'm going to give you a lesson in stew'tchip. My Mamma's been telling me 'bout fings and I've got to get to work. It'll take lots of money to do what I'm finking to myself 'bout."

And thus did the Child prattle away as she counted from her afternoon's earnings "five whole pennies" for Pardie herself to invest.

There was no resisting the earnest pleading of this winsome voice. It even pierced the agnosticism of the once brilliant John Farrington. Having once enlisted your symp-

thy, adamant indeed was the heart that could refuse the Child's entreaties.

One bright May morning with the church bells ringing their pleading, "Come!" the skeptic was passing down the street when suddenly he felt drawn to enter. Not for ten years had he been in a church of any sort. In his early manhood he had sneeringly scoffed at religion and all things holy and sacred, and just when he was carrying everything before him he was brought to a halt—paralyzed! Changed in the twinkling of an eye from a powerful magnet to a helpless dependent.

On this Holy Sabbath against his will as it were, he was led into

the Sunday-School room to a seat by Mary-Gold. When the hymn was given out with the air of the mother she was unconsciously copying, she handed him a book. Tall and big as he was he did not see her thoughtful courtesy and not until she had pulled vigorously at his sleeve did he notice her.

John Farrington did not like children, but as his half-darkened eyes rested upon the sweet face uplifted to his the stern features relaxed and bending down, he said,

“I can’t see.”

“Your eyes are open! Why don’t you look?”

The Child spoke with a deeper meaning than she knew.

"You are too little to understand," he said. And then tried to explain that the "optic nerve was hurt" and that he could hardly see to walk. With teardrops in her voice she looked up and said, "I'm so sorry for you." Then quick as a flash she climbed up on a level with his broad shoulders and putting her mouth close to his ear, whispered,

"If you'll come to my house every Sunday my Mamma'll teach you the lesson with me."

And he promised to come!

Every Sunday afternoon for five long years the solitary figure was seen slowly wending its way to little Gold's house where he lis-

tened to the Bible read and studied.

Four more years passed. And then! One sweet soft day God's people gathered on the river's brink to see the stately form of Col. Farrington, one-time scoffer, buried in baptism with his chosen Lord and Master. And who shall say that a Baby spirit was not witnessing from an Unseen Shore?

Verily, "a little child shall lead them!"

A very spirit she seemed in human guise. A ray of joyous sunlight ready and anxious to do somebody a favor even trying to help at the Story-hour.

"Now, Mamma," she exclaimed one evening after the usual Snow-White, Hop-o'-my-Thumb, and

Goldilocks' recital, "I'll tell you a story."

"And what about?" asked the Mother just as Hester Prynne had asked of little Pearl. It was indeed a story about a Man but not the Black Man of Pearl's freakish imagination who haunted the forest and carried a book with him for people to write their names with their own blood. Snuggling up close, Gold began:

"Once upon a time a little girl went into the woods and was picking up bones and horns to put in her basket when a big old bear came and like to eat her up. But a good man and a bad man came. And the good man caught her and saved her and took her home to be

his own little daughter. *Wasn't
gat awful, Mamma?*"

"Terrible!" replied the Mother.
"What was her name?"

"Calla Vivo!" was the prompt
response.

"And what was her Papa's
name?"

"She didn't have any Papa.
He was dead. She was just Calla
Vivo."

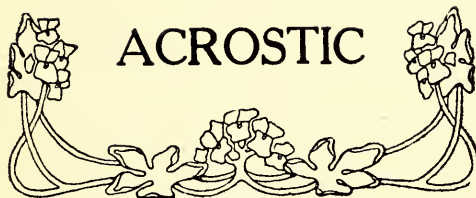
Calla Vivo!

A mysterious symbol of guilt
and sin was the scarlet letter bril-
liantly embroidered in gold threads
but a talisman of purity and beauty
was Calla Vivo—mystic token of a
Child's fanciful Dream.

III

THE

ACROSTIC



III

*"This little strip of light
'Twixt day and night
Let me keep bright
Today."*

"Oh, Mamma," cried Gold, running up the steps one evening, "See what Dr. Hammond made me! Pin took me down to the quarry where the cutters are doing such beautiful fings. He says this spells my queer little name. Is Mary-Gold a queer name, Mamma?" And the Child opened wide a gilded box containing a chain of eight letter-links carved from the native cream-tinted stone. As she held it up the sun's rays fell aslant the ivory-colored trinket, changing it into ruddy gold.

“And what’s this, dearie?”
asked the Mother, lifting out a
curiously inwrought tablet.

“Oh, I nearly forgot. That tells
all about my name and what I’m
going to do.”

Dr. Hammond’s love for the
Child was at once a two-fold bene-
diction. To Gold because of his
rich and fruitful past in books and
journeyings; to him, because of
the unfaltering flame of a simple
faith—able to rely upon and un-
hesitatingly appropriate the evi-
dence of things not seen—kept
brilliantly aglow through the mid-
night of miring doubt.

While he worked at the fluted
columns he would listen to Gold

as she unfolded her Plan for the
Big House she was going to build
in China for "all the little girls
whose mammas frew them away."
In cutting into the soft limestone
for the amusement of the Child
the scholarly mystic seemed to
catch a fore-shadowing which
presaged to the mother-heart a
meaning of sadness and gloom.

"Dark and despairing my sight I
may seal

But man can not cover what God
would reveal;

'Tis the sunset of life gives us
mystical lore

And coming events cast their
shadows before."

The far-away look which had come into those oceanic eyes lending to them a spirituelle pleading made girls and teachers alike, snatch to their hearts this bit of sunshine as if to shield her from impending Shadow. Was this old German scholar indeed and in truth a seer? Forced to quit his studies in the Old World because of mental strain he had hoped by his skill as a cutter to regain in the open quarry that which makes life worth while.

With quick intuition did the Mother catch the drift of the mystical acrostic.

“Read it, Mamma, dear, and tell me what it means,” urged little Gold. Holding up the cream-tinted tablet, the mother read aloud:

“M.....Minister.

A.....Able.

R.....Revealed.

Y.....Youthful.

G.....Gold.

O.....Odd.

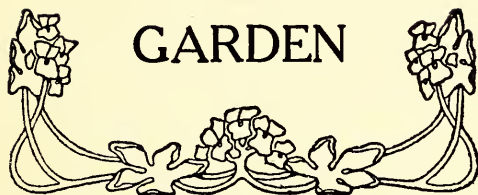
L.....Love.

D.....Dream.”

But its ominous meaning she kept to herself.



IV
IN NATURE'S
GARDEN





"Why Don't Miss Mary Tell All the Mammass 'Bout Jesus?"

IV

The banks of the Nolan were hanging in festoons of green ferns and trailing vines. Here and there in some secret nook was the stately Palm and growing in wild profusion the white Azalia, intensely fragrant, and blooming on low trees the Wild Haw in big sweet-scented clusters.

The shallow Creek showing its white pebbly bed discovered Clam and Mollusk shell delighting the childish fancy. Like a fairy flitting among fields of Alice-blue Clover, Gold gathered armfuls of short-stemmed flowerettes, making gay posies of Purple Blossom, Wild Violet, and Black-eyed Su-

san. Or resting on Nature's carpet, red with Sweet William and Indian Pink, she would beg for the story of the Baby Tower as with chubby hands beneath the childish chin she watched unfold the delicate leaves of Modest Primrose whose beauty for very shyness hid until the set of sun. Nature, prodigal in her seed-sowing, scattered in gorgeous wantonness the bright-hued Coreopsis and Butter-cup, Yellow Daisy, and Evening Glory.

As far as eye could see flowers bright and gay!

Wild Peach and Plum adorned the road and an occasional Pussy Willow shook out its downy fingers. There were Dogwood,

Wild Sage and the tall Bear Grass
whose beautiful big wax bells
looked like individual egg cups.
Now and then a white bloom burst
out of the ground lifting in all its
snow-white purity a star-shaped
head unabashed by its late advent.
Back in the dank corners of the
wood hid the lovely Maiden Hair.
Spanish Dagger, stately and erect,
stood like grim sentinels guarding
the way that led to this wealth of
wild spring beauty and growing
in huge clumps the Prickly Cactus
shielding from ruthless hands the
Horned Toad or making safe cover
for a venomous Centipede.

“Look, Papa,” cried Gold,
“that’s what Auntie Zoll wants,”
pointing to a prickly plant. “She

told us to bring her one of the leaves. What does she want with it, Papa?"

"To cure Grandma Palmer's rheumatism."

"Oh, Papa, dear, with all those prickles!"

Though hard to manage with ungloved hands, the father soon had a sharp stick and with his knife cut from the main stalk one of the prickly leaves, while explaining to the Child the curative properties stored away in this seemingly worthless shrub. Underneath its porcupine aspect hidden between its fretted leaves was a ropy substance, soft and glutinous. In Auntie Zoll's magic fingers it became a soothing poultice, cool and

velvety to the fevered parts and wonderful in its power to heal.

“That’s like ‘Beauty and the Beast,’ Papa. Don’t you know when the fairy touched the ugly old bear skin and claws a beautiful Prince jumped out?”

“Yes, little daughter; under many a rough exterior is often found a heart of gold.”

Leaving Papa at the foot, Gold darted to the very top of the Indian Mound, where the glistening rays of the evening sun fell upon her sunny hair, transforming her into an apparition of light.

That far-away look crept again into the soft blue eyes as she stood atop the strange old Mound listen-

ing the while to the weird cry of a Whippoorwill and gazing upon fields of fragrant Blue Bonnets and great stretches of Red Blanket, whose gorgeous heads of red bracts topped twelve-footed spikes looking like fairy paint-brushes—all waving to Gold a welcome, strong and deep as their own bright hue.

Homeward turned, she told anew her plan for the Big House in China, while the Chapperal Cock with its handsome mate darted from his every hiding-place, while the Plover sprang in and out from the tangled Mesquite, and the Jack-rabbit scurried to cover, frightening away a graceful Scissors-tail as it shot into mid-air.

V

NIGHT





V

“Nor shall the Marigold unmentioned die,

Which Acis found in Sicily;

She Phoebus loves, and from him
draws his hue,

And ever keeps his golden beams
in view.”

And now the little life was slipping away!

The fighting hope lay in the cruel knife. But when the sunlight fell into the darkened room the baby sufferer was all too weak and worn.

“Goldie,” said the kindly Doctor bending over the bed, “let me see your throat once more.”

Thoroughly tired out now by the repeated efforts which had proved so fruitless, the pretty brown head lay motionless on the white pillow.

"Look, Goldie, here are two more nickels for your Big House." urged the good Doctor.

Magic words! Bolt upright sat the now animate figure, and reaching for her small mirror which she kept by her side believing it exorcised some kind of an influence, she opened wide the tight drawn mouth, looking all the while straight at her own image. Then laying down the celluloid plaything she held up the white, pinched face, and leaned eagerly toward the physician as if imploring help.

"That'll do, little one," said the Doctor, turning away. In his experienced eye could be seen hopelessness born of a long and successful practice. Realizing human limitations and conscious of inability to cope with the unconquerable Foe, he stepped back and with bowed head waited, listening.

The Mother, apprehensive, grew alarmed! A chilly blast as from some icy mountain peak swept by. Drawing the Child closer she glanced toward the door.

But the door was fast.

Ah! How could holden eyes see that Silent Invader as he entered slowly but with authority into that hitherto unbroken circle?

The anxious father with bated breath, stood waiting, waiting. Grand, in fur coat and woolen muffler knelt by the little one calling softly, "Mary-Gold, Mary-Gold!" Despite the biting cold and heavy snow he had driven ten long miles to answer the message, "*Mary-Gold is dying.*"

Hushed were the children's voices. Silent were College bells. To the Nursery door now hobbled Cripple Auguste, no longer able to stay away. Already gathered round the threshold were Donald Carrick, the old Scottish fireman, who loved "right weel the bonnie lass." And there, too, came Mingcall, the College cook, and Gold's old nurse, Chinquapin. All

bowed with grief. Breathless they stood; weeping, waiting, waiting for the opening of the closed door.

Amidst the tense silence was heard a grating sound, hard and metallic as Life struggled for victory urging and forcing with heart-breaking effort the now weakened breath through the tiny throat fast closing.

The Child, conscious of something happening opened her dark blue eyes as though pleading for protection and gazed with anxious questioning into eyes that had never failed her.

Holding close the small figure there came to the Mother a realizing of the utter loneliness of the

soul passing through the Solitary Vale, and forgetting her own anguish with instinctive sympathy she pressed the little one closer to her heart softly whispering, "Sleep, Baby-Gold, Mother's here; sleep, my baby, never fear."

Hope had gone. In its place Resignation, perfect and complete, warming into life but one desire—the desire to guide the baby soul through the deepening mists to the tender arms of a waiting Father, a Father who had lent for five precious years this ray of light.

There she lay, clasping in her arms her beloved Yan Ma La. The fingers of her right hand shut tight as if holding something precious.

And now the room seemed filled with Angelic Messengers. The rustle of angelic robes and the soft music of their wings floated out upon the desolate silence.

Suddenly the little one clucked aloud, strong and with insistence, urging on as it were an Unseen Horse!

“What is it, Goldie?” cried the Mother. “What do you see? Do you want to go?”

Instantly and with supernatural strength the sunny curls shook from side to side and in a faint, hoarse whisper she pleaded:

“Baylor—Baylor—stay—stay—wiv—Papa—Mamma!”—then—fainter still as Angelic hands

reached lovingly down gathering
her to their hearts the choking
voice called back:

“And — Mamma, — keep — my
money!”

The tiny hand relaxed. The
death-damp fingers let fall two
shining nickels, and the Mother
felt her baby's spirit as it slid from
its clayey tabernacle behind the
nebulous veil of the Invisible.

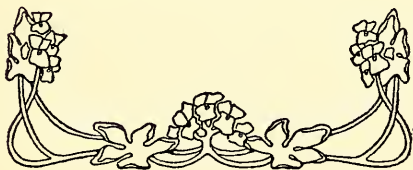
Then insistent came the prayer:
“She lies before me still and pale;
the roses that I prayed
Might bloom along her path of
life are on her bosom laid.
Crowned with a strange, rapt
calm she lies

Like one made dumb by sweet
surprise.

“ ‘Better than I can ask or dream,’
this was my prayer.

And now that she is lying still and
pale, with God’s peace on her
brow,

I wonder, sobbing, sore-dismayed
If THIS be THAT for which I
prayed.”



VI

WHAT THE
ANGELS

SAID



VI

“ ‘Oh! What do you think the
angels say?’

Said the children up in Heaven;

‘There’s a dear little girl coming
home to-day;

She’s almost ready to fly away

From the earth we used to live in.

Let us go and wait by the gates of
pearl,

Which are opened wide for the
dear little girl,’

Said the children up in Heaven.

“ ‘God wanted her here where His
little ones meet’,
Said the children up in Heaven;
‘She shall play with us in the
golden street,
She has grown too fair, she has
grown too sweet
For the earth we used to live in.
She needs the pure light, this
dear little girl,
That gilds this side of the gates
of pearl’,
Said the children up in Heaven.

“ ‘So the King called down from
His glorious throne’,

Said the children up in Heaven;
‘My little darling, arise and come
To the place prepared in thy
Father’s home,—

The home that my children live
in.’

Then let us stand at the gates of
pearl,

Ready to welcome the new little
girl’,

Said the children up in Heaven.

“ ‘Far down on earth do you hear
them weep?’

Said the children up in Heaven;
‘For the dear little girl who has
gone to sleep?

The shadows fall and the night
clouds sweep

O’er the earth we used to live in.
But we’ll watch beside the gates
of pearl,

Oh! Why do they weep for their
dear little girl?’

Said the children up in Heaven.

“ ‘Fly with her quickly, ye angels
dear,’

Said the children up in Heaven;

‘See, now she is coming. Oh!

Look! Look there

At the golden light on her sunny
hair,

Where the veiling clouds are
riven!

But hush! Hush! Hush! All
the swift wings furl!

For Jesus himself at the gates of
pearl

Is taking her hand, dear tired
little girl,

And leading her into Heaven.’ ”



VII

MEMORIA IN

AETERNA





VII

A deep shadow fell on my path last Thursday, January the twenty-first. A message was borne to me over the wires that Mary-Gold was nearing the Dark River.

Only a few days before I had met her with what seemed to be a slight cold and hoarseness; and only two nights before the fond father, dismissing the wearing cares and toils of his position, joined in the sports of the three happy children in a home which was as near to Paradise as any retreat which the Father gives us in our pilgrimage here.

But on Wednesday night and Thursday morning the disease made rapid progress and we felt certain that the angels of little children were hovering to bear another pure spirit to the Garden of the Lord.

But just before she left us, when, it may be, she saw the angels who were beckoning her away from her sufferings, strength was given her to say that she wanted to remain with her mother and father.

We laid her away in the lot of the ex-president near those whom she loved—laid her away, though she looked like one asleep, as beautiful as ever—trying as we left the consecrated spot to see the

loving hand of her Saviour beneath the Shadow.

Dear Mary-Gold! Her life of five summers was a benediction to the College. Generous to a fault, of sweet manners and winning ways, she was the favorite of the girls. Her sympathies and tastes were beyond her years and it was not strange that I anticipated in the growth of the beautiful child-character a princely womanhood.

“Such are my wakeful visions all
the day,

As in my lonely room I sit and
think

Of Mary-Gold, the daughter of
my heart.

Oh, can it be that Faith hath
shown me these,

The pictures of my darling,—can
it be,

That she whom I so loved to
teach the truth,

In love's return would bring
Heaven near to me

And give me new winged hope
to bear me up

Above the sorrows of my pil-
grimage?



"But Never Mind, Molotto."

"Feign would I have it thus. It
cannot be

That she so pure of heart, so fond
of Him

Who loved the little children,
blessing them,

Is now unhappy or in dreamless
sleep,

Waits till the dead arise. It must
be true

That Paradise awaits the pure
in heart,

The pure made pure by His re-
deeming blood.

I'll take the sign and with the
peace of mind

That passes knowledge, wait my
summons home."

—"GRAND."

VIII

HOPE



“Because of one small lowlaid
head all crowned
With golden hair,
Forevermore all fair young brows
to me
A halo wear:
I kiss them reverently. Alas!
I know
The pain I bear.

“Because of dear but close-shut
holy eyes,
Of heaven’s own blue,
All little eyes do fill my own with
tears
What’er their hue:
And, motherly, I gaze their
innocent
Clear depths into.

“Because of little pallid lips, which
once

My name did call,
No childish voice in vain appeal
upon

My ears doth fall:
I count it all my joy their joys to
share

And sorrows small.

Because of little dimpled hands
Which folded lie,

All little hands henceforth to me
do have

A pleading cry;

I clasp them as they were small
wandering birds

Lured home to fly.

“Because of little death-cold feet,
for earth’s
Rough roads unmeet
I’d journey leagues to save from
sin or harm
Such little feet,
And count the lowliest service
done for them
So sacred—sweet.”



VIII

*"The rainbow spans the darkest sky,
And Hope points brightly to the morrow."*

The first shock of grief over, the flowers withered and dry hidden away with the childish treasures, the little body resting by the side of Jack, Grand's beloved son, that awful weight like a pall over the Mother's heart refused to be lifted.

Was not all now changed? Had there not come into Life a new meaning? Had there not been a Revelation?

Missing that fellowship and strength for awhile shared and sustained by human sympathy, Grief, isolated and lone, was left to mourn her sorrow. That "peace which passeth all under-

standing" was not yet realized. But ere another fortnight had gone, in the grey stillness of the morning, just as the clock was striking three the Mother awoke—awoke with the vision of a Child in garments of white, encircled by hosts of radiant beings, their arms filled with flowers, their voices making melody with a heavenly chorale, all playing and dancing with wonder and delight around the little newcomer.

Breathless she gazed upon the seraphic face, now radiating a happiness and contentment unrivalled by anything she had ever seen.

As she listened spellbound there fell upon her ear angelic music, and gazing upon that pure and sin-

less band she saw the Child in
their midst raise her little hands
in rapture at the glorious sight
about her. Leaning forward she
distinctly heard a familiar strain,
"I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard

Thy voice

And it told Thy love to me;

But I long to rise in the arms of
faith

And be closer drawn to Thee."
and peering forth into that fair
Glory-land of "jasper and gold and
crystal" she saw transfigured be-
fore her very eyes her own little
Mary-Gold.

The pall was lifted. The ache
in her heart was stilled. Peace
untrammelled now entered and in
its wake a strength and solace

such as she had not known since the little one fell asleep.

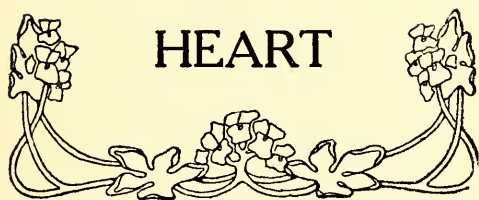
Luminous now with a celestial radiance the Mother caught again the childish refrain pleading for the little ones, "Mamma—keep—my—money!"

Well did the mother-heart interpret her child's Purpose in committing to her this sacred Trust—the Trust of the two "nickels," the "three-cent piece on my dollies dresser" and "those eight more nickels in my bank."

It was the story of the "Baby Tower" that had taken such hold upon the Child-heart—the story Mary Anderson had written home from China.



IX
HEART TO
HEART





IX

“One day a missionary was passing along the street in Tungchow and came to a queer-looking house.

Hearing sounds like a child crying he drew nearer and distinctly heard these words:

‘Oh, save me! Save me! The worms are eating me up!’

There was no door to the one-roomed hut and a window too high to reach. Hurriedly procuring a ladder the window was soon gained. On putting his head in he was nearly stifled by the awful stench and was compelled to withdraw. But the pitiful cry, ‘Oh,

save me! Save me! The worms are eating me up!' urged him to return.

Filling his nostrils with some sweet-scented leaves he again attempted to enter.

He discovered that the room was only a deep, dark pit and through the dim light he discerned something moving below.

Hastily descending he found a little child about four years old crawling around amidst bones and vermin.

He seized the little creature and hurried to the fresh air. The child was covered with worms and was starved and frightened almost to death.



"Oh, Zee Here Now, Mistress Merry Gouldt!"

The missionary searched until he found the mother, who, becoming tired of the child because it was a girl, had thrown her into the Baby Tower, which was built on the outskirts of the town away from the police authorities and where girl-babies were thrown by their own mothers.

"How mammas could do gat awful fing!."

"But, Goldie, some of them are not all that bad. When Miss Mary told Saam Koo about Jesus she went to loving instead of killing her little girl!"

"Well, why don't Miss Mary tell all the mammas 'bout Jesus?"

"Miss Mary can't reach them all, my darling, and it takes such

a pile of money to send away over to those lands."

"Well, I des wishes wif all my heart I could make a lot of money!"

With a womanliness beyond her years and an earnestness strange and uncanny in its persistence did the Child make a Plan, as she called it, to build a "Big House" for the girls whose mothers threw them away. She seemed possessed with that one thought.

X

THE LITTLE
MOTHER



Faithful & little byline they stand - each in the same old
 plan A waiting touch of the little hand. The
 smile of a little face - and they wonder as waiting those
 long years time on the dust of that little chair, -
 what has become of our little boy blue; since he kissed them & put them to sleep.

X

Unlocking the doll-house there was found, just as Gold had said on her dollies' dresser, "the three-cent piece my Daddy gave me."

The Little Folk of the house lay sad and lone, no longer able to be King Edward Sixth, or even Cinderella since the Fairy Mother had flown away. Upstairs and down were rooms all papered and carpeted, curtained windows and fancy portieres. There were tables and chairs, beds and dressers, and bookcases. Beautifully furnished in all its appointments was

this miniature house even down to the tiny red lock.

Renato, with that wealth of black hair and bright eyes, stood for the sad times in Catholic Brazil. Moloto told blood-curdling tales of the Dark Continent, how the natives were put in pits and boiling rice poured over them because they had brought the "evil spirits."

In the Battatela country grey-haired people, nor lame nor blind were ever seen. As old age came on parents were eaten by their own children while the tree-tops were ornamented with human skulls.

Then there were Jose and Dona, bright Cuban dolls, and Zenobia, straight and strong-looking Senor who fascinated Gold with fantastic tales of Mexico.

But her treasure was Yan Ma La, Ambassador from the far-away Court of the Baby Tower, the Annunciator of Gold's Big House.

Next to Yan Ma La came Moloto, for in 'Loto's country the little girls ate their mothers, while in Yan Ma La's the mothers threw away their own little girls.

"But, never mind, Moloto! When I make my money I'll send you a missionary for Mamma says

gat would make all the man-eaters run away."

Rocking Yan Ma La to sleep
Gold would tell of the "good
times" coming for the girl-babies
in China.

"No children's graves in China,
The missionaries say;
In cruel haste and silence
They put those buds away;
No tomb-stones mark their resting-place
To keep their memory sweet;
Their dust, unknown is trodden
By many careless feet.

“No children’s graves in China,
That land of heathen gloom!
They deem not that their
spirits
Will live beyond the tomb.
No little coffin holds them,
Like to a downy nest;
No spotless shroud enfolds them,
Low in their quiet rest.”



XI

AUGUSTE



XI

*"The seal and guerdon of wealth untold
We clasp in the wild Marsh-Marigold."*

Fifty-three cents!

What could fifty-three cents do?

When they laughed at Saint Theresa who wanted to build a Great Orphanage and had but three shillings she said,

"With three shillings Theresa can do nothing. But WITH GOD AND THREE SHILLINGS there is nothing Theresa can not do."

The Child's voice seemed calling from the skies,

"Mamma—keep my money!"

The solace that came to her own heart from knowing that her darling was safe caused her to think of those heathen mothers who were denied such comfort.

In a way strange and surprising did the fifty-three cents begin to grow.

THEN "two nickels" and "eight more nickels" and "my Daddy's three-cent piece." But now, look! A Wondrous Presence in and through it all transmuting Life and Love and Sacrifice.

* * * *

Gold's devoted slave was Auguste, the German Cripple, who for hours would listen to the serious tones of the Little Maid as she confided to him her Plan.

"Oh, zee here, now, Mistress Merry-Gouldt! You vill bleze egs-cuse me but you do mek me larf. Dat is too funny, I do know."

The Devoted Slave lay dying. For months he had been down-cast and dejected. Missing the bright laughter and sweet companionship of his child-friend he had gradually failed.

Was it not she who had saved him from a pauper's grave? Had she not been the sweet influence that had taken him from the Poor House and had given instead a home, making it possible for him to earn a living?

And to-day he had called for Gold's mother.

“You zee,” said Auguste, placing in her hand a worn, leather pouch, “I bin zavin’ dis money for de leetle Merry-Gouldt to help puilt dat Pig House vat she use touldt me pout. And now I go to be vid her and de Zaviour. Mebbe you understandt vat she vould like.”

And there among its folds lay fifty gold dollars.

Sacrifice, Toil, Love!

XII

THE FULFILLMENT





XII

*"Forgetting all the sorrows we have had
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years just
be glad."*

As Mamma's little house-wife, Gold had always received a weekly sum. The pay-day, Saturday, was still kept up. Week by week the amount grew. All anniversaries were kept in memory of the sweet life still yielding its fragrance and freshness.

At Christmas, Gold's stocking was not forgotten. In place of toys and games, fruits and candies, there were dainty yellow bags of glittering coin for all of her friends knew of the Big House. One tiny

bag of soft velvety chamois held as many gold dollars as the years of the little life would have been.

Pardie's lessons in stewardship became contagious giving strength to the Mother's Hope.

Birthdays and Thanksgiving added their increase to the Fund.

One anniversary, alone, yielded nothing.

JANUARY 21 WAS SACRED.

On that day every year a dear old Book found its way to some restless, unsatisfied heart, bringing Light and Life and Love, its hallowed pages radiating significant interest because of the inscription:

IN MEMORIAM

LITTLE GOLD

EPH. 2:10

MATT. 6:33

JOHN 3:16

ISA. 58:13

BAYLOR

JANUARY 21, 1892

Steadily the Gold Fund grew.

In place of the usual Christmas doll Aunt Carra, from the Blue Grass Country, sent a gold piece. Girls and teachers alike claimed their share.

Strangers, hearing of the Child's Dream, begged a part. Grand, too, did not forget his "heart's daughter," and Uncle Joyner, across the deep blue sea, added his gift.

Dr. Hammond, once more restored to health and vigor, hearing of the little one's death, recalled

the peculiar thrill that had held him while shaping the mystic Acrostic.

An intense spiritual insight had seemed to create for him a panoramic vision of the Child's cherished Plan. So obsessed was he that like John on the Isle of Patmos he involuntarily wrote—wrote as by a compelling Force, transferring into the smooth, impressionable rock the strange premonition that had seized him.

And now feeling his heart burn within him his mind traveled back to a pensive little face yearning always to serve.

The simple Acrostic so emblematic in its nature he had given to the Child with-holding its mournful

Import so curiously engraved upon the soft cream-tinted stone.

Could it be that his highly sensitized vision had penetrated the mysteries of the Unknown? Be that as it may, he had woven into a beautiful message, that verified a psychic power, the striking symbols, Minister, Able, Revealed, Youthful, Glorified, Odd, Love, Dream:

LOVE revealed and glorified by odd dream of youthful but able minister.

This pledge he now intrusted to the Mother more precious in her eyes than the purest marble of Carrara, and accompanying it was a handsome sum for the "Fraulein's Big House."

Faithful Mingcall and the lonely Chinquapin contrived to save so they might have a hand in "dat sweet chile's house."

The sturdy old Scotchman, too, was not behind with his moity. "Na, na, ye're no to think I dinna love the bit lassie. I loved her as ane of my ain bairns."

But a Shut-in! helpless bent and drawn! What part could Grandma Palmer hope to fill? How she had loved the Child! who was as it were like "a thread of gold running through her sombre thoughts."

Doubly sad since Auguste had gone where crutches and cripples were unknown—nothing less than an individual niche in the

Child's Building could satisfy the craving in her desolate heart.

The longing in a human soul that burning gathers radiance of furnace-glow, rejecting all else but this one single need never fails to awaken and call forth the Response.

A group of Baylor girls wanting to memorialize the little life through one of her much loved Chinese straylings, sought counsel from Mary Anderson, who away over in the Yellow Kingdom found just the thing they wanted. Near the Compound lived a Chinese widow who though possessor of both Silver and Gold was yet too poor to properly care for her two little girls. So while Miss

Mary told her of the Baylor girls' plan she listened and at last yielded to the sweet persuasion of this gentle teacher, for this heathen mother loved her little daughters and hated to part with either of them.

For the sake of the dear name Silver's baby sister would have been chosen but Baylor girls had asked for "the sweetest little girl in the Celestial Kingdom" and her Gold had a heavy alloy of bad temper. So because of her own helplessness and still more because of her child's sterling worth she intrusted to their keeping her dainty Silver who, however, was the embodiment of all that gold stands

for and a fitting memorial of the
Calla Vivo.

And now running over to tell
Grandma of the Silver tie that
linked their hearts to the absent
Gold they found the poor old soul
in tears. Not long were they in
discovering the cause and in their
own lovely way soon had more
stunts for Grandma than she could
compass in a year.

A basket was fitted up with
needles and threads of all sorts
and colors. Into this basket bits
of silk and satin amber-hued, yel-
low threads and balls of orange-
tinted zephyr found their way. In
her deft fingers these odds and
ends became things of worth and

beauty beguiling these same girls who were ever ready to share their generous pin-money for a piece of Grandma's needle-work of "in-wrought gold."

Day by day and week by week did she knit and sew as the girls ran in and out chatting and singing gaily in their attempts to dispel the gloom settling since Mary-Gold had slipped away.

Because of a quaint whim in the lonely old lady, which the girls loved to humor, there was always to be seen on the table near her bed a small earthen jar whose plain brown face lit up with the painted glory of myriads of tiny marigolds, and into this queer

hiding-place many a penny found
its way coaxed there by the thin
piping voice pleading for the
Child's Plan.

Jinny Montaubyn, as she lifted
her heart in the grey of the morn-
ing, "Speak, Lord, thy servant
'eareth" was never happier than
this Bruised Reed and Smoking
Flax, as, with each penny, she
breathed a prayer that the little
One's Dream might be realized.
Grandma's prayers were a golden
recompence, as old Roger Chilling-
worth said to the Reverend Mr.
Dimmesdale, "They were cur-
rent gold of the New Jerusalem,
with the King's own mint mark
on them."

Year by year the sun advanced until one day away over in far Cathay, the bags of lifeless gold were changed by a Midas magic into living, pulsing Love, a shelter for neglected Frailty.

Over the very spot where had been the Baby Tower, a pit of worms and vermin that fed upon helpless girl-babies, there was erected Gold's Big House, beautiful in its furnishings, equipped with all that appealed to the tastes and fancies of small maids.

With that lovely sentiment so like Miss Mary the "Little Mother's" whole family as by a wave of some enchanted wand had been

sent for. Scores of almond-eyed maids in cunning little trousers and short skirts had rushed breathlessly about fitting up a perfect twin to the Baylor doll-house, adding here and there gay touches of Imperial Yellow, so even the long rainy days were joy and gladness to the little castaways. Claspings in their chubby arms Renato, Yan Ma La or Zenobia they would sit enthralled while Miss Mary told again the story of the little American who had sent love and sympathy to their lonely days,—of Calla Vivo the mystic token which had opened to their hungering hearts the Door of Life.

The passing stranger often
paused, wondering, at the veiled
meaning in the golden character
above the portal:









